The Kings-Bench Cabal,

A

SONG.

To *the Tune*, hark, hark, I hear the Cannons rore

I.

ETernal *Whigs* that ſtill depends
On Old *Sham-Plots* & perjured *ends*,
Toth' *Kings-Bench* amongſt *your friends*
Repair to make new Orders:
Make haſte, contrive ſome better way,
Or by the Gods you'll looſe the day,
Great *York* is now above half way,
To Revenge all *Rape* and Murthers.

II.

We're the beſt Houſe of *Commons* now,
That once have made *three Kingdoms bow*
Put in, ſpew out, as you *know* how,
(fear Popery the old Notion:
Let's purge the Houſe of all that's good,
That have our Cauſe ſo long withſtood,
And dares not thirſt for guiltleſs blood,
E'r *York's* upon the Ocean.

III.

Great *Hamden*, *Rouſe*, thy wonted ſtrain,
Bring *Trenchard* into play again;
Vote down the guards and ev'ry ſwain,
That dares oppoſe our pleaſure:
For to ſubmit they would be loath,
Thy Father and thy Grand-Sire both,
To have ones hands ty'd up by Oath,
That may be looſe at leiſure.

IV.

Let's Vote the *Duke* out of the Town,
The King out of both Life and Crown,
Vote Death to all that *keeps us* down,
To leave the Cauſe a bleeding,
Shall we lie here ty'd up *like* Dogs,
Only *Croaking* our minds *like Frogs*,
While here the Doctor ſwears and flogs,
And leaves off all proceeding.

V.

Come *Speak* and *Bradon*, *Arnold* too,
Colt, and *Caldron* what ſhall's do,
Shall's lie *like* Oyſters here in ſtew?
And ne'r look out for help for't;
Let's ſend for *Oxford* Parliament,
With all their Guards for murther bent,
Come let's attempt e'r Coin be ſpent,
Tho' each one Damn himſelf for't.

VI.

Shall we who were ſo great before,
Have neither power to plot nor whore,
Come let's reſolve, break down *the dore*,
And joyn the *Kent-ſtreet* Rable.
Then *Wapping* and the *Rump* will riſe,
The *Tower* and *Weſtminſter* ſurpriſe,
While *Charles* and *York* at *Windſor* lies,
We'll *make* this Town *like Babel*.

LONDON

Printed for *J. Dean*, Bookſeller in *Cranborn*-ſtreet near *Newport* Houſe in *Leiceſter Fields*, 1684.